

# Here And There

By T-BONE SLIM

Bugs (Arthur) Baer, leading sob-stuff writer for Hearst papers, eloped with a Follies girl and in full possession of all his many faculties.

The romantic cue! or shall I say it was a shrewd move to raise his wages? It doesn't take much to keep a woman and that would class Art as a profiteer.

According to latest advices the revolution in Spain was a bloodless one.

That's something!

Not enough blood was spilt to color a handkerchief. A first class American nose-bleed will throw more claret than that—but we don't call 'em revolutions. We calls 'em misunderstandings.

King Alfonso swears up and down he didn't quit or get fired; that he's on a vacation; that he pulled a Heywood Brown—Heywood, you know, is still on "The World" after abdicating in high dudgeon and hot under the collar. Hey-Heywood never did like collars. That reminds me, the best short story writer in America is The Arrow Shirt Co.—to be found in leading show—"programs".

The capitalist system got this way because of an original flaw in its prospectus. Once you start a garbage dump it will grow in spite of all regulation and "No Dumping" signs. It grows and grows until it stinks to high heaven and all intermediate points. A few rusty cans will start it but, after it starts to stink like the capitalist system, wha's gonna stop it?

Not only does it paralyze our factory nerves but polutes the very food we eat.

(Put some Cologne Water or Attar of Roses on it—on both.)

Legislation will neither abate or purify the dump or the system, its been tried—so have we. Every effort has been made along those lines, to illustrate: Petty larceny (less than \$25) carries less punishment than grand larceny—plainly an effort to get the good people to steal the lesser amount—an inducement—but the good people persist in stealing the grander amount, as opportunity offers, and suffer accordingly. Here you see, law has been unable even to determine which amount the folks shall steal and the people, stubborn to a fault, steal as they please; whenever the spirit moves.

The garbage dump continues to grow over night, and this morning the citizens were out there in force mulling over it and gathering unto themselves necessities, firewood, cooking-utensils and what not. Why the cooking-utensils, is more than I can decipher — possibly they have spotted some eatables somewhere, and, by the looks of the assortment of pots and pans, the banquet is going to be a big one.

Enough! Enough!

Owing to the fact that an employer of labor can lie like a railroad map (without blushing) and tell us a crooked line is a straight one, we must compare that what is by that what was—a use for history:

A machine that is, with three men, does the work of one hundred and twenty men that was, pays for itself in ninety-days and continues to pay for itself every ninety-days (now to its owner, the boss.) This boss, I have seen him cry like a baby, shower tears all over his seven dollar suit and tell the big pollock operator of that machine that he can not afford to pay more than ninety dollars a month. Could a railroad map lie better?

—T-b. S.

Bridgeport, Conn., May 13, '31.

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The office of Metal Union now must 555 W. or before be taken by Chairman Mahler, urer.

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A special of the W. Mac June 5, for the U. mem —Alber

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